

# ARE THE CITY'S DRUGS BEING STOLEN?

Almshouse Apothecary Shop Is Furnishing Medicines for Private Use.

Requisitions for Extraordinary Amounts Made on It with Great Regularity.

YEARLY LOSS OF \$5,000 TO \$10,000.

Superintendent Terry Discovers the Leakage and Notifies the Board of Charities, Which Is Now Making an Investigation.

That the city is being systematically robbed of thousands of dollars' worth of drugs bought for use on Blackwell's Island is the belief of the members of the Board of Charities. An investigation is being carried on quietly, and in a few days the members of the Board expect to have a complete report, which will show them the guilty parties, as well as the amount of the loss to the city.

The chief source of the loss is the medical department of the Almshouse. From it supplies of all kinds are furnished to the hospital wards of the Almshouse by the apothecary. To obtain any amount of supplies it is only necessary for one of the physicians of the institution to fill out a requisition blank.

Superintendent John W. Terry, who took charge of the Almshouse, suspected, shortly after assuming the duties of the position, that there was great laxity, even if not actual dishonesty, in the requisition system and began a quiet investigation. His discoveries startled him, and a week ago he reported his suspicions to the Board of Charities. Under its instructions, the Superintendent is now sifting the matter to the bottom.

It is charged that for years requisitions have systematically been made for much greater quantities of medical supplies than have been needed, and that the surplusage has been appropriated and disposed of to the best financial advantage. It is said, too, that nurses and attendants are in the habit of taking drugs that are left in the wards.

LOSS FROM \$5,000 TO \$10,000.

How great the city's loss has been it is impossible to estimate, but it is said that recently it has amounted to \$5,000 or \$10,000 a year. It is suspected, too, that there have been other large losses in similar channels in other of the city's institutions, and the present investigation will probably be a prelude to more extensive inquiry.

Great secrecy has been observed in conducting the investigation. Superintendent Terry said he could not talk freely until after making his report to the Commissioners. He hinted that the defense of the parties implicated would probably be that the custom has been of such long standing that the benefits derived from it have come to be regarded as rightful perquisites of those connected with the staff.

The doctors at the Alma House are paid

They have their board, wash-

ther expenses free, and the

experience they gain is highly coveted.

Commissioner Faure, when asked regarding

the matter, said he understood that the

irregularities had continued for a long

time, and that the Board in charge of the

medical institutions on Blackwell's Island

met Saturday afternoon to examine into

the alleged dishonesty.

PLENTY OF CHANCES GIVEN.

President Croft said he could say nothing

regarding the matter until the Board should

receive the superintendent's report.

"Do you think," Mr. Croft was asked,

"that those who have taken the drugs and

supplies have acted on some concerted

plan for the disposition of the property, or

that each individual has acted for himself?"

"I should think that each had acted for

himself," was the reply.

"Ought not an apothecary who receives

and examines requisitions to know whether

or not excessive quantities of drugs are

called for?"

"If ought, if he finds a sudden increase

in the size of requisitions without a cor-

responding increase in the number of pa-

tients. If, however, a system of over-re-

quisitioning were well established before he



Ambassador Bayard Addressing the Visitors at Stratford-on-Avon in the Parish Church After the Unveiling of the American Memorial Window.

took his position he would have no reason to suspect anything."

Dr. Percy R. Bolton, chief of the Medical Board, admitted that he, with some of his Board, visited the Almshouse Saturday in regard to the matter. He had heard the rumors, but not officially, and had gone over to informally look into them. He expects to go again to-day, and if he finds sufficient evidence to warrant such action will call a meeting of the Medical Board to carefully consider the charges.

## A FLOWER OF DEATH.

Baby Helma Reached for a Blossom as It Nodded on a Fire Escape, and Fell.

There is sorrow in the home of the Petersens, at No. 419 Hicks street, Brooklyn. Little Helma, the nineteen-month-old baby, climbed out on the fire escape yesterday to obtain a flower that was nodding far out of her reach. Her tiny feet slipped on the iron platform, she lurched forward, her body passed through the rails and down she fell to the pavement, thirty-five feet below.

She struck on her head and the skull was fractured. Helma was removed to the Long Island College Hospital. There she died last night.

The Petersens live on the third story of No. 419 Hicks street. Little Helma was a dimpled and rosy child, with long yellow hair. She was to have been taken to the park yesterday, but the cloudy weather kept the family indoors. The place the child was in when she fell was a small room, the window was open and Helma, who was playing with a doll, had climbed over the railing and out onto the fire escape. Each moment brought her nearer to the dower and death. Then out went a round, dimpled arm for the blossom.

As the child fell she screamed. The parents rushed to the street and picked up the unconscious baby.

## REDEEMED, THEN KILLED.

A Booth Volunteer, Saved from an Evil Life, Suffocated in a Sunday Morning Fire.

One of the first members of Ballington Booth's Volunteers was known to his companions as James Murphy. He had led a wicked life, he said in giving testimony, and even admitted having "done his bit" in prison, but he wanted to reform and be worthy of the parents who had once had high hopes of him.

August Weinberg, an ardent maker, at No. 10 Christopher street, is an active Volunteer. He gave the repentant Murphy work and let him sleep in the Christopher street loft to avoid evil associates.

Saturday night Murphy, with Lieutenant Webber and Leonard Weinberg, sold the Volunteers' Gazette in the neighborhood of Doyers street, and it was about 1 a. m. Sunday when Murphy and Weinberg reached the loft, and were soon fast asleep.



"The chords which Shakespeare sounded three centuries ago continue to vibrate in the hearts of men on both sides of the Atlantic, and we of America claim our joint and equal share in the moral inheritance of his fame and works, and we ask for no partition."

Weinberg was awakened at 4:30 a. m. by the noise of fire engines. The building was on fire.

Weinberg called Murphy and groped his way out of the smoke-filled loft to the street. He told the firemen there was another man in the building, and Lieutenant Foley, of Engine Company No. 18, went up, and, in groping about the room, stumbled over Murphy's body. The unfortunate man had apparently heard Weinberg's alarm and had made an effort to rise, but was too far overcome to gain the stairway. He was found lying on his face dead.

Patrolman William F. Lyman identified Murphy as Patrick Jackson. He was thirty-five years old and his parents live in East Thirtieth street. The body was taken to their home. The Volunteers offered to conduct the funeral services, but the relatives objected.

The origin of the fire is a mystery. It is thought to have started in a small stable in the rear of a feed store, which was on the ground floor of the burned building. Four horses confined in the stable were burned.

## HORSES FED ON BREAD.

Broken Leaves Make Good Provender. Effect of the Raines Law on Returned Leaves.

Much interest was shown by grocers and small bakers yesterday in the account of the formation of a bread trust in New York and Brooklyn, as well as by the persons who eat the bread. The grocery stores and bakeries on the East Side were open a part of the day, and it is there that the big baking concerns have never been able to get any considerable loaf. J. Blumberg, a grocer at No. 61 Allen street, said:

"I buy mostly from small bakers, and return very little to them. That the big fellows lose a great deal through having stale bread returned to them is their own fault. They insist on leaving it when grocers really do not want it. No matter what they do they cannot drive the small bakers out of business. If they get control of the best kinds of flour, the bakers will use the cheaper, and the people will buy the bread."

Pointing to some stale loaves of rye bread, Mr. Blumberg said that the grocers who left them would break them up and feed them to their horses.

Mrs. Myers, who has a grocery at No. 177 Elm street, intimated the Raines law had something to do with the move of the bakers for a consolidation. Formerly, she said, the wagon drivers sold the stale bread to saloons for free lunches. They got as much for it as if it were fresh, and the saloon men liked it better, because it was crisp and easy to eat. "It's their own fault," said Mrs. Myers. "The grocers only make a cent a loaf on bread, no matter what size, and the drivers come and coax us to let them leave it."

T. Saldo, another Elm street grocer, said that he had found out some of the stale bread that was being sold. He said he would not make any money out of bread, and had quit handling it.

Henry Emde, a small baker at No. 156 Grand street, predicted that sooner or later a great bread trust would be formed which would control the output of flour and drive all small bakers out of business.

"It will be a good thing in one way," he said. "Hundreds of barrels of flour are wasted in this city every year, because people will have their bread fresh, when it is healthier a few days old. Bakers must bake three times a day for some of them. I suppose all the bakers will some day be working for a great concern like this and the people will pay more for their bread."

## PLEA FOR SHOP GIGS.

Annual Report of the Consumer's League Gives Advice to Women About Making Purchases.

In the annual report of the Consumers' League of this city, the following advice is given to shoppers:

Shop during reasonable hours; when possible, early in the morning when saleswomen are fresh and not tired out and nervous. Avoid making purchases Saturday afternoon, so that eventually the shops may all give a half holiday. If at any time you feel irritated or annoyed by apparent indifference or carelessness of saleswomen, stop and consider what it means to be on one's feet from nine to fourteen hours a day in a crowded space, shored and pushed about, lifting heavy boxes at times, waiting on impatient customers who wish to be helped to have their own minds, keeping account of sales and stock, taking addresses often given hurriedly and carelessly, and doing in many instances if written down incorrectly, and all this for salaries ranging from \$3 to \$8 per week, and obliged to dress neatly and fairly well, and to pay out of it for one's board, lodging, clothing and carfare.

# ICEMEN ORGANIZING FOR A BIG FIGHT.

Employees of the Consolidated Company Strengthening Their Unions.

Demands of Increased Wages, Decreased Hours and Allowances for Melting.

HAVE SYMPATHY OF CUSTOMERS.

Threaten to Stop Work Some Friday Evening if Their Employers Do Not Heed Their Complaints and Redress Grievances.

There are dark days in store for the Consolidated Ice Company unless Charles Wyman Morse, the ruling spirit, makes concessions to thousands of men in the employ of the trust. Although none of the leaders will acknowledge it, the various unions of icemen are now perfecting plans for the anticipated battle with the ice barons.

The seven unions in this city held meetings yesterday. The largest of these was in Utah Hall, corner of Eighth avenue and Twenty-fifth street. No outsiders were allowed in the hall. The chairman declared that it was purely and simply an enrollment meeting.

"The only thing to be done to-day," he said, "is to allow all employees of the Consolidated Ice Company who care to join the organization an opportunity to sign the roll."

After the Utah Hall meeting a member said:

"There will be no strike until the weather gets hot, but there certainly will be trouble unless Mr. Morse can be induced to give us enough money to live on. If the worst comes to the worst we will all go out and the strike will prove an unpleasant surprise for the people of this city. There will be no preliminary announcement, but when the men quit on a Friday night they will not go back to work on Saturday morning."

We have the sympathy of the storekeepers and we are affiliated with the Knights of Labor. We will simply ask for living wages and reasonable hours. We believe that we will win."

The drivers, who are now paid \$12 a week and charged with "melting" at the rate of twenty-five cents per hundred pounds, want \$15 a week. They also ask an allowance of two hundred pounds on every ton of ice taken from the barges.

The "second hands," or driver's helpers, want \$12 a week.

The "holing boys," who now receive \$5 a week for eighteen hours' work a day, and in addition to the extra work of handling the hay and oats used for the horse ask for better hours and \$9 a week.

Boatmen who now receive \$9 a week want \$15.

All hands want to be paid on Saturday. Under the present regime Wednesday is pay day, and the men say that they have to wait from noon until 5 or 6 p. m. for their money. A week's pay is always held back.

It seems that before the "consolidation" the drivers and helpers were allowed 60 cents for two meals a day, while on duty. The Trust abolished this custom and the men have to pay for their own meals.

The Trust is also accused of importing cheap help from Maine. Next to the financial feature the time grievance bothers the ice men most of all. At present they go to work at 2 a. m. and quit at 6 p. m.

According to the men who handle the ice the Trust had no valid excuse for raising the price of ice to the retailers.

Said one: "They have been holding back the ice in the houses up the State for the last three years. Last Winter after packing all the houses until there was no more room the boxes loaded the surplus on the barges lined up along the river banks. All told, there are about 500 of these barges, so you can see there is no truth in the reports that ice was scarce this Spring."

There are about sixty companies in the ice combine. The Trust employs about 14,000 men in this city and had 7,000 men in the houses and ice fields on the upper Hudson. There are 3,000 ice men in Brooklyn, who are well organized and can be depended on to support their New York brethren. All the unions are said to be managed by conservative leaders and fairly well supplied with money.

## SHE FELL ON HER HEAD.

Carrie Gossenz Seriously Injured in a Run-away—Picked Up Unconscious.

Carrie Gossenz, an attractive young woman, living at No. 18 Powers street, Williamsburg, with a girl companion was painfully injured at midnight Saturday by being thrown from a carriage. The accident was caused by several of the spokes falling out of one of the wheels, and the horse, becoming frightened, overturned the vehicle. Both women were hurled headlong to the pavement. Carrie, who held on to the reins, was dragged several yards, when the animal was stopped by Policeman Brennan, of the Stagg Street Station. The accident occurred at Ewen and Selge streets.

Miss Gossenz was unconscious when the policeman reached her, and was bleeding from a wound on the head. She was taken to St. Catherine's Hospital, where it was found she had also sustained a contused wound of the left ankle. Miss Gossenz's companion escaped serious injury. Yesterday Miss Gossenz was able to leave the hospital and was taken to her home.

The turnout was the property of Livery Stableman Cook, at South Sixth street and Dunham place. Carrie and her companion had hired the rig in the afternoon for a drive, expecting to return it at 7 o'clock. It is supposed that neither of the women thought of the time they were to return the animal.

Carrie, who is eighteen years old, is a very attractive blonde, and has always been the centre of attraction at the various Eastern District masquerade balls.

# NAUGHT BUT GLOOM IN OLD WALHALLA.

Lights Are Out, It Is Said for Good, in the Famous Dance Hall.

For Four Decades It Has Been the Theatre of Scenes Social and Socialist.

ITS DEATH DUE TO THE RAINES LAW.

Order for the Eviction of Its Lessee Got by the Owners for Arrears of Rent, and the Place Likely to Be Turned into Stores.

There is deep-seated gloom in the more or less select social circles of the East Side. Walhalla Hall, the historic dance house, is no more. Famed in song, in poetry, in politics and in the police court, it has gone the way of many similar resorts.

Forty years ago at Nos. 52, 54, 56 and 58 Orchard street, just below Grand, the Hailfelder estate erected a one-story building, and leased it to Adam Geib, who opened a saloon and "dancing academy." It flourished, and in time a second and then a third story were added. After Geib got rich he removed to the more aristocratic precincts of Harlem. Since then the old hall has seen many ups and downs, and although it has changed hands numberless times, it managed to weather all storms until the Raines law went into effect. That settled the sale of liquors after 1 o'clock on week days, and altogether on Sundays, and, as a result, the last lessee, Jacob Fleigman, has given up.

The habitude of Walhalla Hall rarely started to dance or drink until after midnight, and on Sundays they seldom did anything else. Fleigman fought against fate, but as a neighbor remarked yesterday:

"As soon as day shut him off sellin' in the night, his biz was gone, see? De land-lord wanted de price fer de rent; Jake he didn't hev, an' de jig was up."

Thompson & Koss, of No. 236 Broadway, who represent the owners, started two weeks ago to evict Fleigman, but were unable to do so. Saturday, in the Fifth District Civil Court, they succeeded in getting an order to dispossess him, and it was given to Marshal Louis Leubuscher, who intended to serve it to-day. It will be useless for him to do so, however, as Fleigman took the matter philosophically and decided that the best way to get out honorably was to get out quickly, which he did. The hall, therefore, was closed yesterday, and, if the present intention to turn the building into stores is carried out, members of the East Side Lady's Club who tripped the light fantastic there a week ago yesterday will go down into Bowery history as the last to dance in old Walhalla Hall.

There is a deal of sentiment in the neighborhood, though, and Walhalla Hall will not die if some of the more enterprising young men of the district can help it. For instance, Harry Genet, who boasted of having managed successfully a hundred balls there, is going to make an effort to get the lease. If he succeeds, he will add a "ball" annex and, as he remarked, "the place will then be a clutch." The place will then be a clutch. The place will then be a clutch.

The heavy co-operation of several East Side capitalists, may succeed in his scheme, although, it is said, the owners of the estate have declared that the place shall never again be let for a dance hall.

Several of his friends took him in charge and removed him to his home, where he was given medicine to produce sleep. He awoke to-day, and, while more quiet, is far from being in his right senses, and it is feared he may never fully recover.

Y. M. C. A. ANNIVERSARY. Exercises Held in Brooklyn Yesterday in Honor of the Association's Forty-second Birthday.

Exercises in celebration of the forty-second anniversary of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association were held in that city yesterday morning and evening. The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler made two addresses. In the morning he spoke in the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church, and the evening sermon was delivered in the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church. The venerable preacher reviewed at length the history of the Y. M. C. A. both in this country and abroad.

The principal celebration will take place next Sunday, when exercises will be held in a score of churches throughout the city. Among the speakers on this occasion will be Dr. Cuyler, Melancthon W. Stryker, D. D., president of Hamilton College, and Rev. Dr. J. H. Darlington, secretary of the New York Y. M. C. A.

Under the name of James Murphy, assumed in evil days to save his family from disgrace, Jackson joined Ballington Booth's Volunteers, and was trying to lead an honest life. He worked and slept in an awning loft on the third floor of No. 10 Christopher street. The house was burned yesterday morning and Jackson was suffocated by smoke.

Where Patrick Jackson Was Killed.

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# MADE A MANIAC IN A COAL MINE.

Rushock, Scared by Joking Comrades, Thought There Was to Be a Cave-In.

With a Shriek He Ran from Them and Fought His Pursuers with Coal and Rock.

IT TOOK SEVEN MEN TO HOLD HIM.

Yelling and Frothing at the Mouth He Was Carried to the Surface—it Is Now Feared He Will Not Recover His Reason.

Wilkesbarre, May 3.—There was extreme excitement in the No. 9 Mine of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, at Sugar Notch, yesterday, owing to the affliction of John Rushock, who was so badly frightened that he became a raving maniac. He was given work as a laborer in one of the lower chambers, and he went down the mine with the hundreds of other men employed there.

He had never been in a mine before, and this fact soon becoming known, some of the younger men resolved to have some fun at his expense. He was taken to a part of the mine which is "working"—that is, where the pillars have been weakened and are chipping off owing to the great weight they support.

When his imagination was aroused by the pieces of coal flying from the sides and the incessant groaning and murmuring of the earth he was told that the mine was caving in and they would all be killed. With a shriek, he sprang away from them and dashed down the gangway.

FOUGHT THE MINERS AT BAY. The crowd gave chase, and, after a long run, cornered him in an abandoned chamber. He looked more like a wild beast at bay than a human being. His eyes gleamed like coals of fire, his hair was dishevelled and standing on end, froth came from his mouth and his arms were wildly gesticulating, his features were distorted and he was yelling something in a deafening and piercing voice.

As the men drew near him he showed fight, and attacked them with pieces of rock and coal, throwing it with telling effect, and endeavoring to scratch and bite his pursuers. A short consultation was held and then the bravest one in the crowd, after repeated efforts, made a sudden rush upon the unfortunate fellow and bore him to the ground by tripping him with their feet.

Rushock struggled and fought like a tiger, kicking, scratching, biting and yelling. He seemed possessed of superhuman strength, and tossed big men about with ease. Four men were unable to hold him, and they were joined by two more, and finally a seventh man had to be called in order to hold down the captive long enough to pinion his arms and legs with ropes.

Then he was placed in a mine car, which was run to the shaft and hoisted to the surface. Rushock began to get quieter as he neared the surface.

Several of his friends took him in charge and removed him to his home, where he was given medicine to produce sleep. He awoke to-day, and, while more quiet, is far from being in his right senses, and it is feared he may never fully recover.

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